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TWO YIEWS OF CHAMBERLAIN.

A PEN PICTURE OF ENGLANDS TALKED-OF PUBLIC MAN.

Knowledge of Colonial Affairs Displayed to a Visitor at the Colonial Office-An Unexpected Revelation of His Character as a Philanthropist a Little Later.

No Englishman to-day is more written about, thore admired, more hated than Joseph Chamberlain. Yet there is no Engn iess known. Here are two glimpses of Mr. Chamberlain's personality and character which show the man as he really is-not as he is painted by his enthusiastic friends and by his bitter foes.

One foggy November morning in 1901 a man from Jamaica met Mr. Chamberlain at the Colonial Office in London. He had just arrived from the West Indies, and Mr. Chamberlain sent for him because he desired certain information regarding the political and commercial conditions of those

"special extras" like wildfire. The name of Chamberlain loomed big on their placards; it was on the lips of every passerby.

Two nights before he had made a speech which caused bad blood between Germany and England. Count von Bülow had just made a bitter reply, and everybody was wondering whether Mr. Chamberlain would return to the attack in another speech that

Meanwhile, Mr. Chamberlain was quietly sitting in his room at the Colonial Office, discussing with an insignificant colonist smaller harbors of Jamaica and the best way to take the Jamaican peasant. You would have thought that he had never leard of Germany or Count von Bülow. As the two talked a private secretary,

Mr. Balfour has wired, sir, asking you to take his place at the meeting to-night. He is indisposed and cannot speak. He suggests that you should reply to the German Chancellor

hearing a telegram, entered the room and

"Tell him I am sorry, but it is impossible. Mr. Chamberlain answered. "I am busy this morning with this gentleman from Jamaica and cannot prepare anything. To-night I have to see a gentleman from

"Could you not postpone that?" the secretary ventured to suggest.
"Impossible," said Mr. Chamberlain,
sharply. "He has come thousands of miles
to see me, and, in my case, colonial business

takes precedence of everything else." Herein lies the secret of Mr. Chamberlain's power. He never spares himself trouble; he goes to the roots of things, and he is not moved a hair's breadth by the wind of popular clamor. Europe may shriek if it cares to, but he goes right on, unruffled with his

Mr. Chamberlain received the colonial visitor in a large, handsomely-furnished room, hung with portraits of former Colonial Ministers. Unlike the offices of most British Cabinet Ministers, it was absolutely destitute of official papers or any signs of work.

Mr. Chamberlain does not burden himself with the work of a secretary, like many politicians. He sits down comfortably i an easy chair, with a cigar, thinks for a moment, gives a few sketchy orders to an amanuensis-and the thing is done.

It may be a new Constitution for South Africa or the appointment of a prison warden in the Seychelles—it is all the same. It comes in the day's work and is done like clockwork, without the least worry or

The private secretary introduced the visitor and Mr. Chamberlain was extremely cordial. It is commonly supposed by those who have not met him that his manner is brusque and cold; but, as a fact, there is no distinct personal charm, and at times he displays an almost pathetic eagerness to please. This was shown at the outset of the talk.

"Will you have a cigar?" he asked. "They

are from your own colony, and you will agree with me that the Jamaican cigars are

agree with me that the Jamaican cigars are the best in the world."

It was imposible to keep from wondering whether he kept other boxes in his desk filled with Trinchincpoly cheroots for visitors from Ceylon and Borneo cigars for the men from Borneo.

"Let me introduce you to the Earl of Onslow," he proceeded, "we try to look after the Colonies as well as we can together."

gether."
The contrast between the two men was remarkable. Mr. Chamberlain's face was alive with eager, intense intelligence. None of his phote graphs does him justice. He looks like a man who is pure brain, without an ounce of the animal, and he is much better looking than he is represented to

he.

At first sight he seems not more than 45, but a little scrutiny reveals that his jet-black hair is dyed and that in other ways art has repaired the ravages of time. He is precise about his personal appearance, and sappeared on this occasion as if he bad just been turned out of a band-

Lord Onslow, on the other hand, was Lord Onslow, on the other hand, was slovenly dressed. His get-up was more like a petty shopkeeper's than a stateaman's. His face was heavy and gloomy, his expression dull, his conversation feeble and ill-informed. Yet he had governed great British colonies and held the post of Under-Secretary of State for the Colonies.

lain asked why the best men in the West Indian colonies took no part in politics.

"Because they are exposed to vulgar abuse if they do," was the reply. "Mud is fining at them by the bucketful."

He smiled bitterly.

"If we thought of that, would any of us be in politics! I have had mud fining at me from the days when I first went into local politics in Birmingham. A man must simply do his work, disregard the abuse and never trouble to reply to the lies told about him.

"That is the only way to get anything done. I admire the public men in America in this matter. Probably nowhere else is a politician more abused; nowhere else are his motives so freely misinterpreted and his character so bitterly assailed.

"But America's public men do not stop work on that account. They disregard the gnats who buzz around them."

A few evenings later the visitor met Mr. Chamberlain again under markedly different circumstances. He went down to a Stepney slum to take part in an entertainment given to the "Submerged Tenth." Coming away, in company with an East End parson, he saw a man go into a tenement house.

"Why that's Mr. Chamberlain!" he ex-

ment house.

"Why that's Mr. Chamberlain!" he ex-

ment house.

"Why that's Mr. Chamberlain!" he exclaimed, in astonishment.

"Certainly," said the parson. "He often comes here. He is most charitable. He helps lots of people around here. He supports a family in that house. The man broke his leg, and they might starve but for Mr. Chamberlain."

"Chamberlain!" the West Indian ejaculated. "Chamberlain, the man of iron! The man without bowels of compassion! The Mephistopheles of politics! Is it possible? What would the Radical papers say if they only knew?"

"He doesn't want them to know "replied the preacher. "He likes to do his good deeds under the rose. He puts on that cold, passionless, unsympathetic mask which the world knows so well; but at heart he is the most benevolent and Christian of men. In Birmingham and London he personally relieves an immense amount of distress. Let us go in and see him.

The two entered the house and found Mr. Chamberlain in a small room upstairs, where the sick man was lying on a small pallet. The statesman was talking cheerily to the wife, telling her that her husband would soon be well again.

He had brought food and money for her, and a bottle of wine and some cigars for the sufferer. He asked after the children, by name, made himself thoroughly at home, and displayed a keen interest in the woman's talk about her household troubles.

When he saw the new arrivals he greeted them warmly and asked the West Indian not to write anything about meeting him there. The West Indian refused to promise, saying that it ought to be known.

"It would correct the popular impression of you," the parson added.

"Well, it's my own affair," said Mr. Chamberlain. "The public has nothing to do with it."

This side of Mr. Chamberlain's character, which is better known in Birmingham than

berlain. "The public has nothing to do with it."
This side of Mr. Chamberlain's character, which is better known in Birmingham than in London, goes far to explain his popu-larity in the great midland city.

CITY HALL TO KINGSBRIDGE.

A Thirteen-Mile Ride in Manhattan-A Little Walk, Then, in The Brenx.

"They tell me," said a city traveller, that the trolley line along upper Broadway to Kingsbridge has been open now for about a year; but if I ever heard of it at all I had forgotten all about it until I saw one of its care standing on its siding alongside the tracks of the 125th street crosstown line, in 125th street just west of Eighth avenue, and asked where that car went to.

"You can take the Kingsbridge car there or you can transfer to it from a Third avenue car at Amsterdam avenue and 162d street. The Amsterdam avenue cars of the Third venue line run from the Post Office at Park row and Broadway, at the lower end of the City Hall Park, up Park row, the Bowery, and Third avenue to 125th street, through that street west to Amsterdam

avenue, north again to 198th street.

"The highest numbered street on the map, on the Kingsbridge road, is 220th street; and here you are very close to the northernmost point of Manhattan Island. The distance from the City Hall to Kingsbridge is thirteen miles or theresbouts. which you can ride for one fare, the longest ride on Manhattan Island for a nickel.

*From Amsterdam avenue and 162d reet the Kingsbridge car ru Nicholas avenue to 170th street, where the avenue strikes into the old Kingsbridge road; which is now, however, named

"Amsterdam avenue, as everybody knows, is now pretty well built up to 162d street and beyond. The Kingsbridge car running up St. Nicholas avenue to upper Broadway at 170th street, strikes off through more open country, with many considerable stretches without intersecting streets, up along a new broad highway, not ruler-straight, but following the long sweeps of the old road, and so on up through Wash ington Heights and Inwood to the Harlem River at Kingsbridge.

"With the high ground of Washington Heights on one hand, and the spur ter-minating at Fort George, and the valley of the Harlem beyond that on the other, it is a pleasant ride to take, and the cars, with lewer stops to make than in the more crowded parts of this city, move right along. The driver of a big auto that went swiftly by our car, going in the same direction along the smooth road, said good-by to us as h passed, but our motorman had sporting blood, and a good brand of lightning on so far ahead at the end of the next half

she a petty shopkeeper's than a statesman's. His face was heavy and gloomy, his expression dull, his conversation feeble and ill-informed. Yet he had governed great British eclonies and held the post of Under-Secretary of State for the Colinies.

As the conversation went on, Mr. Chamberlain, bloom a marvellous knowledge of the fain showed a marvellous knowledge of the shift of th

COTTAGES FOR CITY PAUPERS.

PLAN TO IMPROVE THE LOT OF THE ALMSHOUSE INMATES.

ner Felly Wents to Build Colony for Them on States Islan -Hardships of the Present System-Old Couples Won't Be Separated Hereafter.

Over on the Island they are glad that summer is coming. During the winter the old men and women in the almshouse grow very weary of sitting in the big wards, of wandering through the dismal halls or gasing out of the windows. In the summer they have outdoor life to furnish variety to their existence.

Winter is a great leveller on the Island. It

forces all kinds of inmates to dwell together in close communion. Old women who have been respectable must spend their days and nights in great rooms within hearing of other old women who have never been respectable. There is no escape from them. There are many nice old women on Blackwell's Island who deserve a kinder fate. Not long ago there were five schoolteachers

at the almshouse, all gentle, refined women, who had passed their days of usefulness, yet had no friends to give them shelter in their old age. There are women who have toiled in many other walks of life, but most of the women are mothers of grown-up children who have forgotten them. Some are cross and fretful and complain

all day long of the treatment they have received. Others are tender, gentle and for-giving while suffering their lonely neglect. An old woman who has been in the almahouse for years says she is the mother of six sons, each one of whom will some day offer her a home.
"I'm waitin'," she says, "just waitin'

Sure, sir, th' letther will coom some day." Nobody has ever been able to find these Island for the mother, but she does not despair. Her faithful old heart finds a reason for the forgetfulness of each boy. and the excuse once invented is told from time to time as though it came to her in an

actual message. What the poor old women have to say to one another as they sit about the insti-tution is a sure index to their past lives. One dishevelled old woman, turning a dim eye toward the river and the house tops of Manhattan, mutters in a bored

"Yes, Saray Hester, it would suit me real well to be in the workhouse. Then I could get out and go see my friends on B. come street. I am just sick for a drop of gin." A few steps away two more are conrersing just as earnestly.

"I just know you must have hated to part with it," says one. "Indeed I did," answers the other. was such a beautiful quilt. I worked on it for years, and I knew where every piece in it came from. It was all I had to re-

in it came from. It was all I had to remind me of my children. Sometimes I would sit down and cry over it.

"The little brown stripes were Jamie's first pair of trousers, and the blue came from a cloak I bought for Mamie when she was 10. The dear little plaid squares were cut from one of Annie's old skirts. Every thread in that quilt was dear to me, for the cloth was taken from the garments of dear, dead Andrew and the children. It had covered them, too, in their beds. Oh, oh, oh, how I loved that quilt. When I sold it I was sure I would get it back. But I came here

"Now, now, dear, don't cry," whispers the other. "Things will be better some time."

"I'm sure they will," replies the old woman, weeping softly. "I'm sure they will. And just as soon as I can, I'm going to get it back."
"You will, you will," says the other

soothingly.

Then there is the little woman who closes her eyes when she sings "There is a land that is fairer than day." She deserves to be further away from the indecorous group that is striving to drown her hymn in a rag-

The women generally busy themselves

The women generally busy themselves in prying into the mysteries of the poorhouse. These mysteries are many. One poor old woman was for a long time pointed out as a miser because the occupant of a neighboring cot had seen some kind of twist in her petticoat.

"She has a bag of money pinned under her clothes," reported the watcher. "I saw the place. It was all crinkled up and the pins were sticking out."

Curious eyes followed the suspect for days. When at last the took off the garment, so that it could be washed, there was much comment over the discovery that it was torn. It was believed that the weight of the money had ripped the cloth. Not until another mystery grew up among them did the old women forget this extraordinary fiction.

another mystery given and another mystery did the old women forget this extraordinary fiction.

Of course, there are other matters of engrossing interest besides these absurd little mysteries. Cross old women criticise the administration of the institution and make charges of flagrant favoritism on the part of this or that one of the attendants. Even those who are not really cross or spiteful are sometimes drawn into the general hubbub through sheer delight in an animated chatter.

There are many things at the institution that displease a respectable old woman besides the talk of women whom she may consider beneath her. One of these things is the dining room. It is hard for an impoverished housewife who has ruled over her own clean little home to eat her meals at a table lined with greedy, unkempt old women. It is utterly unlike any experience she could ever have had before or could have imagined.

she could ever have had before or could have imagined.

The old men of the almshouse are not of sterner, but of coarser fibre than the old women. Yet they suffer keenly from boredom because of being shut off from the scenes of their former activities. On bright days as they sit on the benches outdoors some of them seem inexpressibly world weary. A great many, however, are extremely cheerful, concentrating their individual attention upon the rewards to be won by diplomacy, blarney or coarser stratagem within the institution. There are the gay old fellows who get together in sunny spots and tell highly spiced stories, and there are the "Colonels," "Judges" and "doctors" who discuss weighty matters of public weal.

who discuss weighty matters of public weal.

Students of the applied science of charity have long been making a study of the conditions that prevail in poorhouses, and they have come to the conclusion that it is all wrong to make the lives of paupers dreary and uncomely for the philosophical purpose of deterring others from failing into the pauper habit. And now New York city's 2,500 helpless old men and women are about to profit by this advance in modern ideas.

The barrack idea of building almshouses is to be abandoned, the crowded corner of Blackwell's Island is to be abandoned and the cottage system is to be in-

corner of mackwell's island is to be aban-doned and the cottage system is to be in-stituted on Staten Island. That is, all these things will be if Commissioner of Charittee Homer Folks is able to carry out his plane.

these things will be if Commissioner of Charities Homer Folks is able to carry out his plans.

The cottage idea is not new. It has been tried with success in England, and cannot be called an experiment.

The system does away with the great, dismal institution known as the almshouse, with its rows of little cots and its big bare dining room. The paupers will be divided into families, each family having its separate house and yard. There will be about twenty individuals to a cottage family, under the direction and guidance of a matron or overseer.

The old men and women can be divided into congenial groups, which will result in ties and attachments that could almost be called domestic. Respectable women will be housed with respectable women. They will care for their houses, do most, if not all, of their own work, and have the privilege of keeping out objectionable characters.

Old women who have been mothers of families and good housewives will be able-to cling to their old traditions, sing their

and demonstrate their worthiness of social recognition.

Thus, by the cottage system, the paupers can make their homes such as they wish them, just as people do in the outside world. The industrious and intelligent will be allowed to profit by their efforts. They will no longer be dragged down to the same general level.

The respectable ones will find agreeable tasks in earing for the cottages and the cottage yards. Some of the more feeble will find plenty to do in beautifying the interiors, while others will plan and lay out gardens and flower beds. Besides this, it is planned to find work for them which will not tax their feeble strength and in which they will find pleasure.

This work will always be voluntary. No tasks will be imposed, and each inmate will tasks will be imposed, and each inmate will enjoy all the extra comfort and enjoyment to be obtained from the profits of his or her

to be obtained from the profits of his or her work.

In England, the old men as well as the old women are taught embroidery. In this they take great delight. The men are often clumsy beginners, but eventually they achieve a mastery of the art and turn out work of such beauty and originality as to

achieve a mastery of the art and turn out work of such beauty and originality as to bring high prices.

The work, besides occupying the spare time of the old people, keeps them bright and animated in expectation of making money with which to buy little comforts not at public expense. It is not tedious and can be readily laid aside if the aged workers prefer to gossip awhile or go out for a stroll in the sunshine.

Commissioner Folks hopes to be able to erect the cottages some time during the summer. He has already asked for an apprepriation of \$100,000 for the work.

The city owns 150 acres of fertile land beautifully situated in the centre of Staten Island. The place is called the New York City Farm Colony. There it is proposed to build the cottages. A number of the more able-bodied paupers now living there produce every year large quantities of vegetables for the almshouse.

Mr. Folks's idea is eventually to move the aged and infirm inmates of the almshouse away from Blackwell's Island, so that the buildings now occupied by them can be turned into hospital additions.

"The present almshouse is not a fit place for the old people," said Mr. Folks, in explaining his plans. "They should have brighter and pleasanter surroundings, plenty of fresh air, the sight of growing things and room to move about in the sunshine.

"The farm on Staten Island is just the

shine.

"The farm on Staten Island is just the place My idea is not to make it a great, dreary institution, but to cover the land with attractive homes. Each cottage is to be unlike any of the others, so as to get as far away as possible from the old-fashioned idea of sameness in the buildings erected for the accommodation of passives.

idea of sameness in the buildings erected for the accommodation of paupers.

"Blackwell's Island is too crowded for any work on this line to be accomplished there, although I have made one improvement that pleases me very much. The erection of the new home for nurses left at my disposal the old building. This has been fitted up for the accommodation of aged couples. To my mind, there is something inexpressibly heartless in separating old people after they have lived together until too feeble longer to care for themselves.

"The new system will not only make the lives of the paupers happier, but it will be a more economic and humane method of dispensing charity."

be a more economic and humane method of dispensing charity."

There are about 2,500 inmates in the Blackwell's Island almshouse, and of these about 800 are women. It is said that there are more than fifty couples compelled by the rules of the institution to live apart.

UNHAPPY GREYTOWN. There Is Little Prospect Now That She Will

Ever Have a Good Harbor. We have not heard how Greytown took build the Nicaragua Canal, but it is not likely that any people more poignantly felt the blow than the citizens of that place. They had a splendid harbor once and expected, through the building of the canal, that this blessing would come to them again. Their hopes, however, were blasted; and Greytown will continue to be merely a little port than can be reached only by boats of

very small draught. In January, 1890, the future "City of America" was solemnly founded on the ures that were reared to mark the site are doubtless still standing. Here was to be the artificial harbor of the great interoceanic canal which was to be directly connected with the harbor of San Juan. This harbor was to be greatly improved and it was expected that the canal would have the advantage of two seaports close together. But the "City of America" will never be built. Without the canal there is

no need for it. Years ago Greytown had a magnificent port. It was well sheltered from the sea and large ships sailed directly up to the town. San Juan was a thriving place and its commercial importance promised to grow from year to year. The vast body water coming down the San Juan River to the sea constantly scoured the channel into the harbor and kept it open for large

About thirty years ago, however, a remarkable thing happened. There was an unusually heavy flood in the San Juan and it had the effect to widen the entrance into the Colorado branch of the delta streams. The water in the main river at San Juan began to fall with great rapidity. The people could not understand it, but they soon learned the cause. The greater part of the flood had turned out of the main channel and was racing down the Colorado, tearing away the banks, widening the river

and deepening the channel.

From that day to this most of the water of the San Juan has made its way to the sea through the Colorado branch. eluggish stream that empties into Greytown harbor has had the effect merely to choke it with sediment and to build up a bar at the harbor mouth. In the height of the dry season, when the river brings down a comparatively small body of water, there are from twelve to fifteen feet of water on the bar at the Colorado, while at Greytown the outlet of the river is sometimes closed altogether. No one had dreamed that such a misfortune could befall Grey-

For years the merchants of Greytown were at their wits' end. They entertained the project of dredging out the channel again and bringing the river back to their town: but a little investigation showed that this would be a herculean task and would cost more money than it would take to move the whole town to the Colorado, where by dredging the bar a very

rado, where by dredging the bar a very fine harbor might easily be made.

It happens that the mouth of the Colorado is in Costa Rica. Now and then we hear of the boundary dispute between Costa Rica and Nicaragua. There seems to be little prospect that it will ever be settled and the greatest bone of contention relates to the outlet of the noble San Juan, which was undisputably a Nicaraguan river from fountain head to the sea, till it suddenly took a notion to pour most of its waters into the ocean just across the border in Costa Rica.

So all ships that go to Greytown have to lie off outside the harbor all ready to put to sea at a moment's notice if heavy weather threatens. Many lives have been lost while crossing this bar in small boats between the steamers and the wooden wharf of Greytown.

the steamers and the utmost faith that The citizens had the utmost faith that the canal would be built and that it would bring steamships and prosperity to their town. But the abandoned harbor is likely town. But the abandoned harbor is likely

gacity Shown in Their Decision Koran and Their Knowledge of Human Nature Their Only Guides—The Training of a Judge in the East.

"To one who knows the real Oriental Kadi, the Judge of the true Land of the Morning, it is amusing to hear an unjust Occidental Judge called Kadi in derision, standard," said a traveller in the East. "I do not refer to the Kadi who holds

court in European Turkey, or even in the western parts of Asiatic Turkey, where the subtleties of law have begun to make their way from civilized Europe. Western cult-ure has touched these Kadis and their education has made them largely European, because many of them have studied in German, Austrian and French colleges. "They may be Oriental still in form and

habits, but they are not permeated with Orientalism as are the Kadis of the true East, where life still is much like the life described by the story tellers of 'The Arabian Nights.

"Presumably, the general Occidental idea that the Kadi is a corrupt and cruel Judge springs directly from the stories in those same 'Arabian Nights.' The generality of people do not stop to realize (although it is plain enough) that the Oriental story teller is a satirist, and that he portrayed not the typical Kadi, but the exceptional

"In the lands in the east of Palestine and farther east of them, and in Arabia, sit the Kadis of whom I have knowledge, who typify the Kadi of the Orient Of course, there are corrupt and wicked and cruel and ignorant men among them, as there are in any class or profession in all parts of the world. But, as a whole, the Kadis are remarkable men with wisdom as great to-day as it was in the days when there began the tales of the wise and deep judgments of the Oriental Judges.

"The story of the Jar of Olives has its duplicate to-day in real life in many similar instances of simple clear-sightedness and of verdicts that are delivered according to no iron formula of written laws, but according to the dictates of common sense, vitalized by thorough knowledge of the human heart.
"Among these Kadis are men who never

have travelled from their little villages and towns hidden away on the edges of deserts, and living still in the day of the caravan. Among them are men who have been Kadis for forty years, and sit ever serene and placid, listening to interminable stories of petty village disputes with no sign of impatience or weariness.

"These Judges are in love with their profession; power and prosperity do not weigh with them against their ardor in the study of man; they are not impatient at the pettin ess of a case, because to them no act of humanity is petty. It is the man whom they judge and not his trivial

Day after day they are as calm and self-contained as the sands that stretch away from their gates.
"The secret of it is that they have no

"The secret of it is that they have no doubts. No tangle of previous decisions, or conflicting statutes, or constitutionality, or policy confronts them. Every judgment goes back to the fountain head—the Koran. It answers all their questions. It is the compass that guides the ship of law in the true Orient.

"These Radis do not venture to sit in judgment if they are ill or perplexed by private affairs or unhappy because of misfortune of themselves or friends. They will not even sit in judgment if they are hungry of thirsty. They will not judge if they are in haste to be gone.

"Not long ago I saw a witty article, written by a really experienced and keen traveller, in which he told about the calmness with which an Oriental Kadi adjourned his court because he wished to take some

ness with which an Oriental Kadi adjourned his court because he wished to take some refreshments and smoke a pipe. I suppose that this story, which was entirely correct as to facts, impressed those who read it with the autoeracy and barbaric simplicity of justice in Arabia, where the traveller witnessed the scene.

"But, as a matter of fact, that occurrence was a typical proof of the conscientiousness of the Oriental Kadi. For what says the Koran for his direct guidance?

"Thou shalt not judge, oh, Judge, hast thou pain within thy body, dost thou feel thy spirit troubled for thy son, dost thou sorrow for thy friend! Thou shalt not judge, oh, Judge, feelest thou hungry or dost thou thirst, until thou hast reached a spring to refresh thee! Thou shalt not judge, oh, Judge, feelest thou in thy soul that God hath not willed it to let thee judge!"

judge!"

"What!" said an old Kadi to me when I praised a certain German Judge, and, in proof of it, told how he had sat awake all night studying a case and then had sat for twelve hours to hear it in court. What! Do you mean to tell me. O Giaour, that he dared to sit in judgment when he was weary and fatigued so that his soul and mind were not at peace? Unhappy judges of the Evening Lands, to whom the sweetest duty of man means wretchedness! For surely no man can do justice unless he is happy and at rest with himself and the world!

"And are you never unhappy?" I asked, when you face a complex case that puzzles you?

"Nay," said he. "We are never unhappy when we judge. If we be unhappy, we do not judge."

"And so they sit, white bearded, undisturbed, patient, while fifty witnesses swear before them concerning a missing camel bridle or the right to get water at a well. And when all the evidence is in they judge as carefully and conscientiously as if the fate of the Moslem world depended on their verdict.

"These men are truly at rest. They judge! What! said an old Kadi to me whe

fate of the Moslem world depended on their verdict.

"These men are truly at rest. They have made the good fight, for they can become Kadis only after they have made it. They have no ambitions save to fulfil the words of the Koran. They smile at the strife that plays before them, and main tain their own souls in quistness.

"Therefore the Kadi is not merely a judge in cases of law. He is the Wise Man of the district. Men come to him with their quarrels and disputes and embarrassments to be judged, even when the cases are not at all within legal jurisdiction.

"In Arabia and eastern Asiatic Turkey

man cannot become Kadi by accident of birth and station or by favor of politics or other influence. He must choose the pro-fession and train himself to it from early youth.
"When the Oriental boy is 12 years old
"When the Madrese, a theological

When the Oriental boy is 12 years old he must enter the Medrese, a theological Government school, if he wishes to enter either the theological or legal profession. There he learns the Koran by heart.

"It is expounded for him minutely, passage by passage. He is known as a Softa while he is studying. When he knows the Koran thoroughly, so that he can hold his own in arguments with the teachers, he assumes the name of Hafis and prepares for the examination. A student rarely rises to the degree of Hafis until he is 20 years old.

"When he passes the examination he must choose at once between theology and the

when he passes the examination he must choose at once between theology and the law. Having chosen the latter he faces five years of study even harder than any that has gone before. During that time he must make himself proficient in logic, rhetoric, morals, philosophy, theology and law.

hymns and catch not a single breath of that other life which is now so near them on the Island. Wicked old women who have not been respectable will have cottages to themselves. If they desire to enter the best cottages on the poor farm they will have to go through a probationary period and demonstrate their worthiness of social recognition.

TRULY WISE MEN OF THE EAST

THE JUDGMENTS OF THE REAL KADIS OF THE ORIENT.

Advertising in THE SUN (Daily and Sunday) during January, February and March, 1903, as compared with the same months a year ago,

274,591 Agate Lines,

a gain in excess of 38%.

The increase in THE EVENING SUN during the same period was

310,862 Agate Lines,

a gain of more than 90%.

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and their sorrows, by hard, personal ex- RUSSIA FEELS OUR OPINION, perience.

"This stage of his career lasts three years and almost all its conditions are rigidly prescribed. He must practise in court during that time, taking the cases of the

and almost all its conditions are rigidary prescribed. He must practise in court during that time, taking the cases of the poor.

"His income from this source is almost nominal, and he must keep himself alive by earning a petty income with all kinds of hard, mean toll. So he learns the world in which he is to be a Judge, for he struggles for existence as do the people who will come before him some day to be judged.

"But though he experiences their privations and their temptations, he may not stumble like them. "To become a Judge. O Hafis, the green cloth that thou wearest around thy fez must be ever unsoiled is the law.

"It is bitter, hard service. But they who go through it untarnished are wise when they emerge. They are what the Koran demands when it says that only a human being who has become a true man shall dare to judge other human beings.

"Hans Forsten, the Orientalist, who knows the true Eastern Judge better, probably, than does any other European to-day, tells in a recent work of his talk with the Kadi of Safed—a talk which illustrates what I have said here about the class.

""Poor judges of the Unbelievers, said the Kadi of Safed, Hassan Bey, to me, after he had read several articles from the Turkish law to me, and I had, in turn, explained to him about the duties of our Judges. "Poor Judges of the Unbelievers! How often you must suffer painful hours, owing to your duties."

"That was strange to hear from the lips of a man who had been a Kadi hidden away in that little hamlet in Palestine for forty years and in that time had heard little or nothing about European Judges. When I asked him if he had never, for even a moment, repented his choice of a profession, the aged man smiled and answered:

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QUAKES IN THE MARIANAS. Is Often Subjected.

The Rev. M. S. Maso, assistant director of the Philippine Weather Bureau, has recently contributed some notable articles to the Bulletin of that office. THE SUN published a map a while ago, showing the distribution of volcances and earthquakes in the Philippines, based upon two maps this careful official produced. He published in the latest Bulletin some notes concerning volcances and earthquakes in the Marianas Archipelago, of which Guam is the largest island. As we are specially interested in the fortunes of Guam, some of the facts he adduces are very timely.

Guam suffered from two severe earthquakes last year, of which some information was published at the time. On May 16 a violent vertical movement caused all the inhabitants of the town of Agana to rush out of their houses. Sharp oscillations followed, and though the earthquake lasted only a minute all the tiles of stone houses were displaced and the walls of many houses were cracked.

Two wide earthquake cracks opened in the earth about three miles from the town and the sea withdrew as far as the fringing coral reefs, but thanks to the slowness with which it returned it did not overflow the limits of the beach. During the night three less violent earthquaker occurred.

A much severer earthquake occurred a little before noon on Sept. 22. It is believed to have been fully as violent as that of 1849 which was one of the greatest earthquaker recorded on the islands.

A terrific subterranean noise was heard, after which the earth began to tremble

slightly, and then the real earthquakes occurred, continuing forty-five seconds, terrifying not only the natives, but also the Americans. With one or two exceptions all the stone buildings in Agana suffered considerably and required much repairing. Some of the houses were completely ruined. One house sank two feet at one end and many houses were distorted out of all proportion. Walls eighteen and twenty inches thick swayed to and fro. cracked and toppled over to the ground. Tile roofs came down on all sides.

The ground opened in many places and spouted salt water from the crevices. Huge rocks were dislodged from the hillsides and produced great landslides. Many bridges were thrown down, preventing the passage of vehicles between the town of Agana and the port of Piti. some five miles distant, where the warehouses are situated. Telephone connection was interrupted owing to the falling of many poles.

After the earthquake, the whole island seemed to be in vibration, and in the course of a few days more than one hundred smaller earthquakes were felt. Masonry buildings were also sha ttered on the island of Saypan

choose at once between theology and the law. Having chosen the latter he faces five years of study even harder than any that has gone before. During that time he must make himself proficient in logic, rhetoric, morals, philosophy, theology and law.

"Then he is ready to pass the examination which shall entitle him to become a Kadi. But he is not advanced to that dignity immediately after he has passed the examination, for the most important and distinctive part of the training has still to come. He must become one of the poor and learn their daily life, their temptations

IT TELLS IN FREEING AMERICAN JEWS FROM RESTRAINT.

The Case of Pelix Mandell and His Passport -- Doors Opening Gradually to the Magic of American Citizenship--What One Man's Work Has Accomplished

Nissim Behar, the venerable Jew who has devoted a lifetime to working for his race and came to this country from Paris a year ago to form the Israelite Alliance here, bases his faith in ultimate success on his belief that "the public opinion of America is as the voice of God to other nations." And his faith grows, although so far but one Jew has benefited by the efforts of the Alliance to secure from Russia the same treatment for all American citizens, regardless of their religion.

The story of that one Jew, Felix Mandell of this city, is told by Nissim Behar and heard by his followers and co-workers with delight. If there has been one, they say, there will be many, and credit will belong to the American people for putting an end to injustice and discrimination.

In 1901 Kaufman Mandell, a citizen of the United States, a well-to-do merchant devoted a lifetime to working for his race

to injustice and discrimination.

In 1901 Kaufman Mandell, a citizen of the United States, a well-to-do merchant of this city and a philanthropist among his own people, wanted to go to Russia on business. He was told that his passport as an American citizen would not be accepted in Russia and that he would have to get a special permit to enter that country from the Russian Consul. Mandell, who had served as a Major in the United States Army, declared that he would not humiliate himself by begging for a special permit to do what any American citizen not a Jew might do as a matter of course, and sent his son Felix on the business trip to Russia.

The son got his passport as an American citizen, but before he could enter Russia he had to get the special permit from the Russian Consul, and before he could get that permit he had to go to the United States Consul and sign this statement:

that permit he had to go to the United States Consul and sign this statement:

Consulate General of the United States of America, City of Berlin, Kingdom of Prussia, German Kinpire:
Felix Mandell, bearer of passport No. 34,308, dated Nov. 12, 1801, isaued by the Department of State, being duly sworn, deposes and save that he is of the Jewish religion and desires permission to visit Russia for a period not exceeding your weeks.

[Signed] FELIX MANDELL.

All that red tape was necessary for a Jew to get into Russia before Nissim Behar began the work of the Israelite Alliance in this city a little less than a year ago. Since then Felix Mandell has been to Russia again, but he did not have to get a special permit nor swear that he would leave the country within four weeks.

His second passport was marked "good for six months" and he was allowed to travel about Russia and transact his husiness without being subjected to humilisting treatment. On his first trip he was so annoyed that he didn't even stay the four weeks to which his permit entitled him.

"This difference in treatment as shown in the Mandell case," says Nissim Behar, "is the result of the protests from the influential Gentiles of America in the public press, and at mass meetings held by the Jews, but attended and addressed by the Christians.

"Mr. Mandell's case is the entering wedge."

Jews, but attended and addressed by the Christians.

"Mr. Mandell's case is the entering wedge and some time our victory will come. Russia desires, above all things, to stand well in the eyes of other nations, especially in the eyes of America, and the belief of the persecuted Jews is bound to come, not only as the result of the Czar's own wish to be just, but because of his advisers dread of American scorn and reproach. The public opinion of America is as the voice of God to the other nations.

"In this special work which the Israelite Alliance has set out to do, the main question involved is not one of religion, but of Americanism.

involved is not one of religion, but of Americanism.

"If there was a bare rock in the middle of the Pacific and the ruler of that rock said: 'All Americans who are Christians may come here, but no Jews shall be allowed, no matter what their country is,' it would be the duty of every citizen of the United States to protest against such discrimination. That is exactly the case in Russia Americans are protecting and their protest is being heeded."

The present membership of the Israelite Alliance is made up of 155 delegates representing eighty societies, with 6,000 members.

The present membership of the Israelite Alliance is made up of 135 delegates representing eighty societies, with \$6.000 members. At the Russian Consulate in this city it was said the other day that the case of each 5ew who wants to go to Russia is decided on its merits. An official there said:

"If Mr. Jacob H. Schiff wants to go to Russia he may go without restraint, but all Jews are not like Mr. Schiff. We must discriminate."

"Ah, that won't do," said Mr. Behar, when told of this statement. "The cobbler as well as the banker must go if he is an American citizen and decent and honest."

honest."

These resolutions are being adopted all over the country and sent to Congress by the Jews and their sympathicers.

over the country and sent to Congress by the Jews and their sympathizers.

Whereas. The House of Representatives of the United States did, on April 36, 1202, inquire into the attitude of the Russian flovernment toward American citizens attempting to enter its territory; and

Whereas. It appears upon such inquiry that certain American citizens, including those of American birth and of non-Russian extraction, holding American passports have been, and are, excluded from such territory solely because of their religious belief, which other American citizens professing over religious beliefs are allowed to enter; and Waereas, Sach unjust and arbitrary discrimination is not only a violation of existing treaty rights, but also a reflection upon a worth and dignity of American citizens in the stigma upon our national honor; now, therefore, be it.

Resolved, and it is the sense of this meeting. That said action of the House of Representatives be, and the same hereby is, hearily approved; that the lovernment of the United States through its various densaripments be, and it hereby is, respectfully urged to insight the Russian invernment of the United States through its various densaripments be, and it hereby is, respectfully urged to insight that the Russian invernment of the United States through the various densaripments be, and it hereby is, respectfully urged to insight the trained states, and to each states and to take all other proper and necessaries to remove such discrimination, further Resolved, That the Secretary of this meeting the United States. To the Secretary of this meeting the United States to the Secretary of the United States.